









The wild, north-western Missouri has risen,  
With bread, gray wings of gold,  
While here, from out my dreary privacy,  
I look, as from a tomb—Alas!  
My heart smothered in the dust,  
Upon the low-thatched roof, the rain,  
With ceaseless patter, falls;  
My choicest treasure here its shrine—  
Mould grows on the wall—'Tis Heaven  
To sit upon the wall!  
Sweet Mother I am here alone,  
In sorrow, and in pain;  
The sunshine from my heart has flown,  
And the driving rain—Alas, my  
The still, and muffled,  
Ever haggard mouth has bled their road,  
Since I rose up into smilax;  
And everything of earth has browned  
On the poor, stricken child—sweet friend,  
O woe, suffering child,  
I touched my level one night and day,  
Scarce breathing when I sleep;  
And as my hopes were swept away,  
I'd as my heart went—O, God!  
How had I grieved and wept!  
They have been from me to the ship,  
I leave her to the sea;  
I kissed my speechless, quivering lip,  
And left him on his bed—Alas!  
It seemed a coffin-bed!

When from my coffin sister's tomb,  
I rose, I said, my heart was dumb,  
Remember that her vacant room  
Well, was just the same, that day,  
The very, very, same.

Then, Mother, little Charles came—  
I thought my heart was dumb,  
With my own Father's cherished name,  
But, O, he brought me joy—My child  
Dreighted mourning, and so, for,  
His little life I cannot see,  
Though weary months have sped  
Since my little brother's death—  
And whispered, "Is he dead?"—Alas!  
"Tis dreadful to be like me,  
I do not want for one like me,  
—So weary, weak, and weak—  
Dread shadowy presence, and I feel  
Even now, upon my cheek—Alas!  
For a bright, brown, and black,  
But for a brown-browed bird like him,  
To hush his young song,  
And kneel in a coffin bed,  
John Decker's pale, pale, pale—  
To join that grizzly throng!  
O Mother, I can scarcely bear  
To think of this today!  
It was so exquisitely fair,  
That little form of clay—my heart  
Still lingers by his clay.

But for one I loved her, far more,  
Come thickly gathering tears,  
My state of life is clouded o'er,  
I can breathe my dear, sweet friend,  
My heavy weight of fears,  
O, should he not return to me,  
Dread, dear mother, be life's light!  
And, mother, I am almost sure,  
Even now the gathering light, my soul  
Faints, brighter by the light,  
O, to feel thy fond arms twine  
Around me, once again!  
I must close these lips of thine  
Which I have so long sought to keep  
This cold, cold, heavy pain,  
But, gentle Mother, through life's storms,  
I may not need them, then,  
For help, covering little forms,  
With weary feet, and broken feet,  
With bleeding heart, and sore,  
Thy Dove looks backward, sorrowing,  
Sweet seek the ark more—thy breast  
Never, never, never more!

Sweet Mother, for the wanderer pray,  
That father find his given;  
Her broken words all swept away,  
That the may kneel on Heaven—her soul  
Gone from my heart and Heaven.  
All fearfully, all warily,  
Alone and sorrowing,  
And my life lifted to the sky,  
Fast to the cross I cling—O, Christ!  
Thy dear cross I cling—O, Christ!  
MATHEW, August 5, 1850.

Correspondence Southern Christian Advocate.  
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he still insisted, I sent an arrow, placed it on the string, and sent it away whizzing toward the mark, which it missed of course, and I went so far beyond it as to elicit a shout of approbation from the crowd around. They exclaimed, "The foreigner's strength is greater than the mandarin's!" for most of their arrows had fallen short of the mark. My numerous friends seemed a little mortified, and I replied, "I am not unstrung his bow, while the people said, 'Let the foreigner shoot again!' He then ordered a cup of tea for me, and taking my pipe filled it with finely cut tobacco, and by drawing a puff or two himself, and then wiping the moist piece with his hand, gave it to me with a graceful bow. This was done as a compliment, and not to be considered rude by declining it so publicly, I took the pipe and smoked it a few seconds, but being too hot to appreciate the virtues of the word unless it be the 'divinity that sits within us' to the unsettling of one's breakfast, I soon returned it to him, when he used it with much gusto.

The place where we sat was elevated two steps above the level of the ground and covered with a roof. Our position commanded a view of the whole field, and the mandarin's attendants kept the space immediately around us free from intrusion away at the eager military with large whisks. The soldiers bearing fire arms were drawn up in readiness for an exercise in the rear. No large volley of flags with serrated edges, and the other extremity of the line, and five small ones of the same description at equal distances apart, between the first and the last in the rear. No large volley of flags with serrated edges, and the other extremity of the line, and five small ones of the same description at equal distances apart, between the first and the last in the rear.

With my own Father's cherished name,  
But, O, he brought me joy—My child  
Dreighted mourning, and so, for,  
His little life I cannot see,  
Though weary months have sped  
Since my little brother's death—  
And whispered, "Is he dead?"—Alas!  
"Tis dreadful to be like me,  
I do not want for one like me,  
—So weary, weak, and weak—  
Dread shadowy presence, and I feel  
Even now, upon my cheek—Alas!  
For a bright, brown, and black,  
But for a brown-browed bird like him,  
To hush his young song,  
And kneel in a coffin bed,  
John Decker's pale, pale, pale—  
To join that grizzly throng!  
O Mother, I can scarcely bear  
To think of this today!  
It was so exquisitely fair,  
That little form of clay—my heart  
Still lingers by his clay.

But for one I loved her, far more,  
Come thickly gathering tears,  
My state of life is clouded o'er,  
I can breathe my dear, sweet friend,  
My heavy weight of fears,  
O, should he not return to me,  
Dread, dear mother, be life's light!  
And, mother, I am almost sure,  
Even now the gathering light, my soul  
Faints, brighter by the light,  
O, to feel thy fond arms twine  
Around me, once again!  
I must close these lips of thine  
Which I have so long sought to keep  
This cold, cold, heavy pain,  
But, gentle Mother, through life's storms,  
I may not need them, then,  
For help, covering little forms,  
With weary feet, and broken feet,  
With bleeding heart, and sore,  
Thy Dove looks backward, sorrowing,  
Sweet seek the ark more—thy breast  
Never, never, never more!

Sweet Mother, for the wanderer pray,  
That father find his given;  
Her broken words all swept away,  
That the may kneel on Heaven—her soul  
Gone from my heart and Heaven.  
All fearfully, all warily,  
Alone and sorrowing,  
And my life lifted to the sky,  
Fast to the cross I cling—O, Christ!  
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around me, and to others whom I met on my way home.

CHARLES TAYLOR.

AFFECTING ANECDOTE.

In one of our Western towns, a minister of Jesus Christ was one morning told by his wife that a little boy, the son of a near neighbor, was very sick, near to death, and asked if he would not go and see him.

"I hardly can," he replied, "for I am a man; his parents, you know, do not belong to my congregation, and are, besides, greatly opposed to the doctrines which I preach." "Fear my visit would not be well received."

"But," rejoined the wife, "when you were sick a short time since, the mother of the little boy sent in kindly every day to inquire after you, and I think they will expect you to come and see their son."

This was a sufficient inducement, and he was soon on his way to the dwelling of sorrow. The mother was hanging in anguish over her precious and beautiful child, who was tossing from side to side in the delirium of a brain fever. The minister, after watching him a few moments, turned to the lady and said,

"This poor creature should be kept perfectly quiet, madam, he should not be excited in any manner."

"Sir," said she, "will you offer a prayer?" At first he hesitated, fearing the effect upon the child, but, after a second or two, he knelt at the bedside, and uttered a few petitions in His name, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The mother, who was weeping, the little sufferer, who till now was restless, by the presence, ceased his moans, lay still upon the bed, and fixing his large dark eyes upon him, listened intently to every word he uttered. He repeated, he said, a few words to the mother, and then, leaving the child in a perfectly tranquil state. The next morning, the first intelligence which greeted him, was that the child had died.

He had become extremely interested in the apparent effect of the voice of prayer upon the dying boy had surprised him,—and finally called to his attention the fact of the funeral which had occurred from the mother's thoughtful acts.

She had two children. Frank was the oldest, and the second was a daughter of five. The child had been sick for some time, and had gone to the grave, and the mother, who was weeping, the little sufferer, who till now was restless, by the presence, ceased his moans, lay still upon the bed, and fixing his large dark eyes upon him, listened intently to every word he uttered. He repeated, he said, a few words to the mother, and then, leaving the child in a perfectly tranquil state. The next morning, the first intelligence which greeted him, was that the child had died.

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entering he was courteously invited to address them, which he did, choosing for the subject of prayer. Meanwhile a group of the neighbors of the house gathered at the door.

At the close of his discourse it was understood that the father had been told to moli him. He at once took his hat and walked out. The gang instantly asked if he would not go and see him.

"I hardly can," he replied, "for I am a man; his parents, you know, do not belong to my congregation, and are, besides, greatly opposed to the doctrines which I preach." "Fear my visit would not be well received."

"But," rejoined the wife, "when you were sick a short time since, the mother of the little boy sent in kindly every day to inquire after you, and I think they will expect you to come and see their son."

This was a sufficient inducement, and he was soon on his way to the dwelling of sorrow. The mother was hanging in anguish over her precious and beautiful child, who was tossing from side to side in the delirium of a brain fever. The minister, after watching him a few moments, turned to the lady and said,

"This poor creature should be kept perfectly quiet, madam, he should not be excited in any manner."

"Sir," said she, "will you offer a prayer?" At first he hesitated, fearing the effect upon the child, but, after a second or two, he knelt at the bedside, and uttered a few petitions in His name, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." The mother, who was weeping, the little sufferer, who till now was restless, by the presence, ceased his moans, lay still upon the bed, and fixing his large dark eyes upon him, listened intently to every word he uttered. He repeated, he said, a few words to the mother, and then, leaving the child in a perfectly tranquil state. The next morning, the first intelligence which greeted him, was that the child had died.

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